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EXTRACTS FROM A LAWYER'S PORTFOLIO.

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NO part of our laws implies a more becoming consciousness of human judgment's fallibility, than the cautions and deliberate procedure required in ascertaining mental disease, and surrendering a supposed lunatic to the custody of his kindred. A remarkable instance of this kind fell under my own observation.—I was on my way to visit an uncle resident on the remotest coast of Cornwall, and believed myself very near my journey's end, when the stage-coach driver admitted a stranger to fill a seat which had been vacated. The other three passengers were busily engaged in a discussion on lawful and unlawful duels, and referring occasionally to a pamphlet printed in 1632, on occasion of the Battle awarded in the preceding year in the Court of Chivalry on an Appeal of Treason by Lord Rea against Mr. Ramsay. Then followed an attempt to trace the Writ of Appeal and Wager of Battle from the practice of Turkey, and its prevalence in England till the third year of Henry VII. But our new companion, whose dress was very little superiour to a disbanded seaman, suddenly joined the conversation: "Gentlemen," he began, in a stern voice, "modern philosophers never read, therefore they are always making discoveries—Did Blackstone

see any barbarity in this mode of satisfying justice, or did the Archbishop of Toledo disdain to witness such a combat in the most religious court of Europe?"—This extraordinary combination of authorities made one of the party smile, though his professional petulance was stirred by the implied comparison between our English oracle and an old Spanish bigot. To waive any farther disputes on the wisdom or antiquity of trial by single combat, he began to describe the dresses worn on such occasions in our third Henry's days. "Sir," interposed our legislator in a blue jacket, "the pike, dagger, long-sword, and short-sword, which you speak of, were appointed only for Rea and Ramsay. In Henry's time, such combatants fought with weapons of small length, with heads, hands, and feet bare; or with ebon staves or batons, having hard sand-bags fastened at the ends. And each might have a four-cornered shield without any iron, and a frock of red cloth reaching to the elbow and knee. But the Appellant's head was ever covered, and the Defendant's *rayed* or shaven thus."—As he spoke, the describer suddenly raised his hat, and discovered a head of most extraordinary character. It reminded us of those fine busts found among the ruins caused by a volcano, scorched

and bruised, but not deprived of their noble symmetry and expression. His skin was darkened as if burning lava had passed over it, except on the upper part of his head, which appeared to have been lately shaven, and was now bordered by a fringe of the same crisp black hair which formed the thick curl of his eye-brows, and met near his chin. Blackstone and Beccaria were wholly forgotten while we looked on this formidable countenance, and observed that its possessor had also a strong staff, not unlike the baton of the champions he had been describing. Not another word was hazarded; and when the mail-coach stopped, I mounted the horse provided for me with great readiness, to escape from the sight of our unknown companion. I shall be pardoned, I believe, if I confess, that during my ride through the solitary lane which led to my uncle's old manor-house, I cast several suspicious glances at the shadows which a few shaggy elms threw over my path. The first kind salutations of a hospitable relative were hardly finished, when his porter came to announce a stranger, who desired instant admission on the most urgent business. It was late, the manor-house was lonely, and situated near a coast noted for desperate pirates and contraband adventurers. But my good old uncle, who held that office "the like of which," as has been merrily said, "is known to no other land," was too proud of his authority, and too conscious that he held it with pure hands, to entertain any fears.—Yet he allowed me to accompany him to what he called his justice room, where, with much surprise and some apprehension, I saw the dark man. He looked at me first as if recognizing my features, and endeavouring to examine their import; then addressing my uncle with more courtesy than his rude apparel promised, he requested a private audience. A glance of intelligence which we had time to exchange, induced my old kinsman to support me when I professed myself his indispensable clerk. After mysteriously closing the door, and advancing so near us as to make me regret that my travelling pistols were out of my reach, he announced, in a low and singularly solemn tone, that he came to lay a capital charge against two seamen of his Majesty's ship the ———— "Of felony or murder?" said my uncle, and I prepared pen and paper to fulfil my assumed office of his clerk.—"Of completing one, and conspiring to commit the other," replied the informer in the same low tone, with a mixed expression of fear and horror in his countenance. The Justice required him to relate particulars, and they seemed distinctly told. He stated, that the boatswain and another person belonging to an English ship of war, had conveyed him in their boat, after dining with their captain and his officers, to an obscure cove on the coast near Naples, where he had been imprisoned several days, and at last released, or, to speak more properly, abandoned without money, and almost without clothes, on a desolate spot, from whence he was conveyed in a delirious fever by his valet. This last particular deserved inquiry. How did his valet discover his master's situation, and what induced him to visit a part of the Neapolitan coast so desolate and undistinguished, in quest of him? Our informer answered, that the man himself might be questioned on that subject. To my remark, that only the fact of robbery could be substantiated, as murder did not appear to have been designed, he replied, "Both were committed, but not within the letter of our laws." Being urged to explain this ambiguous sentence, he remained several minutes in a silence which implied such deep

and melancholy recollection, that neither our curiosity nor our suspicions emboldened us to interrupt it. My honest uncle spoke first.—“Child,” he said, laying his hand on the young man’s shoulder, with a kindness which almost always created the confidence it expressed, “there is something in this business more than you have communicated, or less than you imagine. If these men proposed an outrage against your life, why did they leave the opportunity and the work unfinished; and if they never attempted it, why is a murderous design imputed to them?”—Still he made no reply, and my uncle inquired the extent of the robbery he had suffered.—“Only a few pieces of gold,” he answered; “and my valet tells me they were restored.”—We looked at each other with sufficient agreement in our thoughts that the charge was wholly due to a disordered imagination; and hoping to detect its incoherence still more broadly, we required him to repeat it, while I made minutes. But he made no variation in names or dates: his descriptions of the secret cove, of the boatswain’s figure, and his companion’s dress were singularly precise and forcible. My uncle called for supper, and seating him by his fire-side, with the frank kindness of an old English squire, endeavoured to fix his attention on other subjects. We talked of political occurrences, of the general state of Italy, and the victory then recent at Maida. A slight shivering of his lips and eye-lids indicated that this last subject touched some tender nerve, and he suddenly asked me if I had seen Calabria.—“My nephew is an idle Templar,” said the Justice, answering for me, “and has more ambition to be lined with good capon than at a cannon’s mouth.”—Our guest’s imagination probably caught some unintended reference in this allusion to Shakspeare, and he replied with a fierce

gesture, “He is right, and I have now no honour to be jealous of. Gentlemen I understand the purpose of all this. You persuade yourselves that an outrage which did not end in the actual loss of my life and property, is not worth a publick and difficult investigation: you wish to soothe me into forgetfulness and forgiveness, and I thank you for the attempt. You know not what a blessing it would be *to forget*, and I have sought for it in many ways but these men haunt me still, and I must accuse them. Remember, gentlemen, I did not say how much of my life and property they spared, nor how little.”—We could make no answer to a speech which, with all its obscure incoherence, was solemn. Almost convinced that his visitor was insane, my uncle soothed him with an assurance that he would expedite the progress of justice, and had begun to offer him a chamber under his roof till morning, when another stranger with three attendants claimed admission. They were brought into the room where we still sat with the accuser, who started from his place at their entrance, and held up the formidable baton I have mentioned once before. Sir Frederick Cornwall, as I chuse to call our new visitor, presented himself with very engaging politeness, and entreated pardon for his relative’s intrusion. I accompanied him into another apartment, and heard his expressions of regret at the notional insanity which seemed to have taken entire hold of his nephew’s mind. To my question whether Colonel C. had ever been in Naples, he replied that he had only returned from thence a few days; “but,” he added, “his valet assures me no part of this strange romance, which he persists in repeating, ever had existence, if we except the delirious fever he himself confesses.”—A request that the unhappy young man might be

delivered into his custody followed this speech, which did not appear to me quite satisfactory. He perceived it, and produced several letters dated from Naples, and distinctly giving the Neapolitan physician's opinion of his distemper. One, written by the captain of the vessel in which Colonel C. had sailed home, detailed many touching instances of incurable dejection, and hinted at an attempted suicide. This letter enclosed another from the unfortunate young officer himself, relating the transaction in the bay of Naples exactly as he had described it to us, but with many expressions of the keenest and most desperate resentment. Though these expressions were mingled with others which seemed to imply grateful confidence in his uncle's affection, I thought myself at liberty to doubt it, and ventured to inquire why the valet had not accompanied his unfortunate master to England. Sir Frederick shewed me an Italian letter, containing so natural and so clear a statement of the man's reasons for remaining in his native country, that no objection could be made. But my good uncle, who well deserved the name of Justice, positively detained the Colonel as his guest till the strictest inquiries had been pursued. Nothing resulted that could throw doubt on Sir Frederick, or justify us in withholding the Colonel's person, which he surrendered himself with an air of tranquillity almost amounting to happiness.

I remember in my boyhood a certain piece of mathematical magick in an old Encyclopædia, representing almost innumerable circles most intricately interwoven, but all combining in one. I have since found it a very accurate representation of the manner in which the selfish plans of individuals are rendered parts of one wide and perfect system of equal justice. A few years passed after this incident, and all re-

membrance of it had begun to disappear, when my professional duties brought me, on the western circuit, to a town where I received an anonymous letter enclosing a large Bank note to retain me as counsel in the cause of a very young French boy charged with private robbery. The note I deposited in my uncle's hands, to remain untouched as a clue to future discovery; but the account circulated in the town concerning this young offender, was sufficient to interest me. He was accused of stealing the purse and pocket-book of an unfortunate gentleman who occupied a small mansion not far from the castle appropriated to French prisoners of war. Louis, as this boy called himself, had been found bruised and senseless under the mansion-wall, from which he appeared to have fallen in an attempt to escape from the garden, where the owner had seen him lurking, probably after robbing the lunatic who resided there of the money found upon him. Amongst this money was a gold seal and diamond ring, both bearing the initials of Colonel Cornwall, and recognized by many persons as his property, though his reputed insanity rendered his evidence inadmissible. I questioned the boy with all the severity and adroitness in my power, but could extort no confession from him regarding his business at that mansion, or the means by which the money fell into his hands. He did not deny that he had seen Colonel Cornwall; he admitted the seal and ring might have been once his property, but would give no account of the gold. My earnest application procured a magistrate's order for my admission into Colonel C.'s presence alone. The keeper warned me of his concealed fierceness and malignity, and left us together with evident reluctance. He knew me instantly, and burst into tears. I love human nature, and honour it

too much to dwell on the frightful picture he gave me of his sufferings. The clearness, the moderation, and the method of his detail, convinced me they were undeserved; and my representations gained such attention from a discerning magistrate, supported by the votes of three physicians, that he obtained admission into court as a capable witness. His narrative was simple and convincing. Louis, he said, had conveyed three letters to him from an unknown person, offering him money and jewels to bribe the keeper employed by his interested relative. This mysterious friend also promised to produce such evidence as would effectually silence those who impeached his intellects. But he solemnly protested that he could not conjecture from whence these offers came, nor by what means Louis had obtained the seal and ring, which he did not remember ever to have seen before. I confess my surprise at this last assertion, but it was useful to the prisoner. As the charge of felony was completely falsified, the court did not deem it a duty to inquire farther; the young Frenchman was released; and after a tedious struggle with the forms of another court, our more unfortunate friend Cornwall was freed from his uncle's custody. I accompanied him to a retired villa in my own good uncle's neighbourhood, which he chose for the wildness of its scenery and the pastoral simplicity of its inhabitants. We arrived at the pleasantest hour of that sweet spring-season which belongs only to England; and I congratulated him, as I thought, most opportunely on his restoration to the rights and comforts of an Englishman.—“It is your work,” he replied, with a melancholy smile, “and I will not be so ungrateful as to tell you it is useless.”—“I would rather be told that it is imperfect, provided you will teach me how to

amend it. But I do not perceive any thing wanting to your tranquillity, unless you wish to know more of Louis or his employer; and it is impossible to deny, Cornwall, that your unwillingness to pursue inquiry in that quarter calls some suspicion upon yourself.” He made no answer to this speech, except one of those fixed and haggard looks which accompanied his former state of dejection, till I couched my question in direct terms.—“On your honour as a gentleman, and under the sacred secrecy which I owe you as your counsellor, tell me if you know more of Louis?”—“My dear friend,” he answered, “and those words imply every thing most sacred between man and man, I do know Louis, and therefore I disclaimed all knowledge of the seal and ring; the gold would have burned both my heart and brain if I had accepted it, but I could not confess the truth. Complete your task by staying with me till my death, and you will learn all.”—“You have deceived me, then, in the affair of Naples too, perhaps?”—“On the faith of a dying man, you have heard the truth, and nothing but the truth, on that subject. I told you when we first met, that I had enemies who had taken away my honour, and now they have reached my life.”

This terrible hint confirmed suspicions in my mind that had been indistinctly forming since the first period of our acquaintance. Cornwall's uncle had children who might be largely benefited by his death; the suspected valet was probably their agent, and the strange outrage committed at Naples might have been a stratagem to disorder his imagination, or an attempt to remove him baffled by some secret means. Mine was not the only judgment biassed against Sir Frederick Cornwall, and the emaciated state of his nephew, every where ascribed to the cruelties

inflicted on him, caused such general indignation and abhorrence, that the darkest suspicions were willingly received. Letters were privately sent to powerful persons at Naples, urging them to trace the Italian valet; and while we awaited the result, my uncle and myself neglected no means to allure the melancholy man from his solitude. He was our guest whole days and weeks, and his house on these occasions was left to the care of three trusty servants, who had known and loved him from his youth. They were alarmed one evening, in their master's absence, by the stoppage of a hired postchaise at their gates, from whence, without ceremony or inquiry, a veiled woman came into the hall, and seated herself. The servants looked at each other in stupid confusion, for they all recognized their master's divorced wife,—"Be under no embarrassment," said she, with a coolness which completed their astonishment: "Colonel Cornwall is absent, and I neither desire nor expect to see him. Bring me ink and paper, and carry the letter I shall write"—They all obeyed without understanding her authority, and the whole household gathered round, each indulging his curiosity by holding some article of the writing apparatus. With her veil still over her face, and an unmoved attitude, she wrote and sealed her billet, which the steward, a man of great fidelity and shrewdness, brought instantly to me. His account of this singular visit gave me great hopes of some decisive crisis; and not without many anxious expectations, I gave the paper into her husband's hands. He read it twice, his countenance changed extremely, but merely writing two lines with his pencil on the back of his wife's note, he desired me to deliver it myself. On such a mission there could be no hesitation. I found her still sitting in the hall

with her veil drawn over her, and the servants stationed in a cluster at some distance to watch her motions. She read her husband's answer, and after a short pause rose, and threw back her veil. "I have recollected myself, sir!" she said, advancing towards me: "these people know me, and I have no right to screen myself from their contempt: it is part of the punishment I am come to meet, and this veil is an indulgence I do not deserve. Colonel Cornwall commands me to quit his house, but something is due to justice and publick opinion. His uncle accuses him of inventing the conspiracy at Naples—You suspect his uncle of abetting it for his own purposes. I was the only witness of that transaction, and will give my evidence when and where you please; but I adjure all these persons to attest that their master had spoken the truth, and that his uncle is innocent."—I was confounded by this publick declaration on a subject so unfit for the ears of vulgar and prejudiced hearers. I begged a private audience, and endeavoured to persuade her that her late husband's health was in no state to bear agitating appeals and discoveries; but she persisted in offering a termination of all secrets as the readiest and most certain medicine for his melancholy. She urged me to conduct her into his presence, or to be the medium of her communication. I accepted the last alternative, and she put a large drawing into my hand—"I took an oath," said she, half-smiling, "never to name the principal actor in this affair, but I did not promise to conceal his picture."—The servants of Colonel Cornwall's establishment received my orders to observe her narrowly till my return, and I set out, charged with a heavy and difficult task, to see him again. His first words were to prohibit the intrusion of the

woman once called his wife. Then eying me stedfastly, he added, "She has told you all, I see; but the disclosure might have been spared till after my decease. You have heard that villains who personated English seamen betrayed me into the hands of Neapolitan traitors.—I, who had volunteered my services on an important undertaking, and was entrusted with secret documents—I, while the army was sailing to its destination, was imprisoned in the den of that false woman's paramour, and then released alive with a mockery of mercy."—"But perhaps even that small mercy was shewn at her intercession."—"Yes!" he rejoined, with a smile full of bitterness, "and she probably believed I would owe my liberty a second time to her interference, and thank her for it.—Tell her I do give her thanks, not for my life, but for making me seem a madman rather than a coward or a traitor, and for hastening my death now by her intrusion."—"Look at this picture, however, and if it resembles the person whose agents imprisoned you, tell me by what name he is now called."—He looked at it in an instant, and thrusting it into the fire, replied—"An Emperour's brother-in-law—the *King of Naples*!"

These were his last articulate words. Except a look of sorrow

and a long pressure of my hand when I asked forgiveness for his wife, he gave no sign of recollection before he died that night. The unhappy woman fell into the extremest agonies of despair, and resigned herself to the most desolate solitude. Yet the energy of her conduct in her last confession, her courageous efforts to release her husband from the tortures of a mad-house in the garb of a French boy, and her deep repentance of the frailty which led her step by step into the society of military renegades, proved a mind worthy a better fate. I did not discover till long after, that during three years she had submitted to perform the meanest duties of a menial in the house where her husband suffered confinement as a lunatick, hoping to find some means of expressing her remorse, or of alleviating his misery: but she found neither; and when her detection and dismissal by the keeper suggested the romantick expedient of boy's attire, his inflexible pride refused all aid from a hand that had disgraced him. He died the victim of feelings too finely wrought; and if the misery of an unfaithful wife needs aggravation, she feels the utmost in remembering that her guilt caused the overthrow of a noble mind and the untimely death of its possessor.

ON NOVEL READING, &c.—[Continued from p. 136.]

From the British Critick, for June, 1818.

BESIDES, too often the *moral effect*, a very different thing from the moral of a work, is overlooked by the author: on account of this consideration, Richardson, the amiable Richardson, affords a very strong instance of the position we are advancing. The virtuous personages of this drama moralize so regularly, so gloomily, so tediously, and so pedantically, that they are not half so attractive as his vicious ones, who thus engage on their side those affections of the mind, which should belong to virtuous characters, and to virtuous characters alone. This, beyond a doubt, was not his intention; but there is not a single individual, who has perused his works, that does not at

the bottom of his heart prefer a Lovelace to a Grandison, though, perhaps, he will not openly acknowledge such a predilection. The novels of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Marmontel, shew also very strongly that there is not a more sure and certain way of spreading infidelity and immorality, than through novels filled with moral speculations: and yet *their* moral speculations were, perhaps, all in themselves correct, though the tendency of the actions founded upon them was quite the reverse. To every rule of right they found exceptions: and on these they fixed the publick attention, by adorning them with all the splendid decorations of eloquence, so that the rule was despised or forgotten, and the exception triumphantly established in its stead. They put extreme cases, as Miss Edgeworth has well observed, in which virtue became vice, and vice virtue: they exhibited criminal passions in constant connexion with the most exalted and most amiable virtues; and making use of the best feelings of human nature for the worst purposes, they engaged pity and admiration perpetually on the side of guilt. It was thus, whilst they were talking eternally of philosophy and philanthropy, terms, which they only borrowed to perplex the ignorant and seduce the imaginative, that they produced a catastrophe so tremendous, as not merely to involve themselves and their deluded followers in ruin, but to convulse the whole world to its innermost centre. It was not by attacking openly the strong fortifications of reason and religion, but by sapping and undermining them in this insidious manner, that the doctrines, which they advocated, obtained their extensive circulation. Unfortunately too for suffering humanity, they were all gifted with the highest literary talents and accomplishments; there was no species of writing which they did not attempt, and none, which they attempted, that they did not adorn: equally versed in all the refinements of metaphysical subtilty, and all the meretricious eloquence of sentiment and passion, they moved in those rugged regions of science, which are placed far above the ken of ordinary mortals, with the same grace and facility as they did in the pleasing fields of imagination, when in pursuit of the fleeting colours of transient emotion. Thus enabled to oppose intellect to principle, they employed every artifice which intellect could afford them, to carry into execution their nefarious projects. Knowing that the first point of art is to conceal art, and that insinuations and surmises are much more difficult to encounter than assertions and arguments, they never brought forward in express dissertations their abominable sophisms, which, so produced, would have been easy to combat, and not difficult to overcome. They endeavoured to convince mankind, by a sort of exemplification of their system, that, by acting on certain principles, which, though erroneous, were tricked out in all the livery of virtue, their objects would be acquired with greater ease, and retained with less difficulty than under the present institutions of society; and that, if resolution could once be mustered to break from the trammels in which custom had enchained them, they would possess a more perfect happiness, and a more unbroken series of enjoyments than had ever yet befallen the human species. The consequence was, that their respect and reverence for all established regulations gradually diminished, till at last nothing remained, but the desire of overturning them. If we were called upon to point out one story more than another in which the most sacred ordinances are thus dangerously, and, as it were, co-

vertly attacked, we should instance the story of Lubin and Annette in Marmontel's *immoral* Tales, which, by some sad misnomer are more generally known by the title of Marmontel's *moral* Tales. In reading this story, which is but a short one, not a word is said professedly against marriage; on the contrary, the highest commendations are passed upon it; and yet, paradoxical as it may appear, the conclusion of the tale shews distinctly, that its whole objects is to decry that most sacred and necessary institution. Still, we must confess, that from the beginning of the narrative to its close, the thought, the expressions, the descriptions, are all limpid purity. There is not a single sentence in it, which, when taken unconnectedly, can be convicted of immorality, nay, so considered, every sentence is undoubtedly of excellent tendency: it is the manner, in which the whole are blended together, that excites our disgust, and demands our reprehension. It is not any deduction, which the writer himself makes, which is productive of danger; it is the deduction, which is unmade, which is left to be made by the reader's understanding, which, like the dew of the poison tree, is secretly, and silently, and unobservedly, instilled into his heart, and into his brain, that is so highly detrimental in its future consequences. An error insinuated in this manner into the recesses of the mind, is infinitely more difficult to eradicate, than an error which owes its birth to either ignorance, or fraud, or violent prejudice. Ignorance may be enlightened; fraud may be detected; prejudice may be removed: but an impression, thus created, will be found reason-proof, because it will appear to every individual as an important truth which he has himself discovered, and not as a specious falsehood "invented by the enemy." He will

thus make a point of honour not to be disabused, and will rather fall into a hundred fresh mistakes than confess this one.

From these observations, some people may imagine that we take away from the writers of fiction all power of being useful as moral instructors. But this is by no means the fact; we only wish to regulate the use of it. Against the greater vices, it is useless to declaim from either the pulpit or the press, because no man commits them ignorantly, or is unacquainted with their consequences; but against those smaller vices, which make up the profligacies of an individual, and the corruption of a people, the novelist may direct his attacks with the fairest prospects of ultimate success. But it will not be by magnifying petty delinquences into enormities, or by making appeals in express dissertations to a man's conscience against practices which are sanctioned by all around him, that such prospects will be fulfilled, and such purposes accomplished. An attempt of such a nature would be considered as ascetick cant and hypocrisy, or else, as we have before stated, a stupid preachment proceeding from despicable ignorance of the world. The true method is so to interweave the moral with the story, that any endeavour to separate them, would tear to pieces the contexture of the whole, and if not entirely destroy, very much depreciate the value of the parts. No portion of the narrative which is necessary to the one must be unnecessary to the other: if the moral ever is seen, it must come, like a flying cloud, to throw a shadow over the current, not, like a miry infusion, to sully its clearness. Pursuing this system, you will have a chance of being heard with attention: and when that point is once gained, you have only to mix up your reasons and your ridi-

cule in just proportions, to make your instances rapid and amusing, and to concentrate your proofs into striking and interesting groupes, in order to produce the most salutary effect upon all those who are worth reforming. It is by having fully executed this plan, that we look upon Miss Edgeworth as having done more good in her age and generation, than all the superannuated governours and governesses, who have ever written to improve and amend it. She attacks with ridicule, and not with reprobation, and with all the amenity of Horace makes you smile at your faults, before she imposes on you the task of correcting them. Without selecting any particular maxim under the name of a moral, she perpetually keeps the reader's feelings excited in behalf of virtue, by painting it in every situation lovely, commanding, and triumphant. A writer, who thus blends amusement with instruction, is entitled to the very highest applause and admiration; whilst no less severe and unbound-

ed reprehension ought to be awarded to those literatuli and philosophers, who apply the talents which God has granted them, and which education has improved, to the propagation of doctrines, execrable when merely considered as opinions, and doubly execrable when reduced to practice, as they operate most prejudicially in ordinary life both to individuals and to communities. Thanks be to Providence, the race of such beings seems at present extinct: they never were the natural growth of our soil, and are now discarded as an unnatural and monstrous progeny by every other country. If, however, there be any miscreants, so depraved as to take pleasure either in the reading or writing of such infamous compositions, we envy them not their grovelling and unholy delights, we consign them to their own guilty imaginings, and leave them to enjoy in tranquillity, if enjoyment they can, their own detested and detestable Pandæmonium.

[To be continued.]

NOTICES OF VOYAGES UNDERTAKEN FOR THE DISCOVERY OF A NORTHERN PASSAGE,—*With observations on the Prospects of success from the present Expedition.*

From the Edinburgh Magazine, for May, 1813.

THE regions situated between the Arctic Circle and the Pole, after being long abandoned to neglect and forgetfulness, at this moment attract a stronger interest than any of the fairer and more smiling portions of the globe. This was first excited by the curious and valuable facts communicated by Captain Scoresby, and published by the Wernerian Society; and it has been greatly heightened by the bold and spirited attempts now making, under the auspices of Government, to explore a path through regions which tempest and perpetual ice seemed to have hitherto barred against the approach of mortals. It is worthy of remark, that this was the earliest career of British discovery; it was even the nurse of our infant navy. That courage which has triumphed over all the fleets of Europe, and made every ocean tributary, was first employed in braving the wintry tempests and moving mountains of the Polar Seas. We are happy to understand that Mr. Barrow is preparing a chronological account of all the discoveries within the Arctic regions,—a work for which he possesses ample materials, and which, in his hands, will be truly interesting. In the mean time, the

curiosity of our readers may be gratified by a rapid sketch of some of the most remarkable of these voyages, to which we shall add a few remarks on the prospects of success in attaining the objects which our present expeditions have in contemplation.

The first British expedition of discovery was undertaken in 1553, for the purpose of exploring a passage to India round the northern shores of Europe and Asia. It was an object to the nation of almost unbounded enthusiasm. The discoveries of Spain and Portugal, which had opened new worlds to the wonder of mankind, and had deluged the mother countries with gold, were still fresh in their recollection; and it was hoped that the present expedition would be productive of results equally splendid. Although it was favoured by Government, and particularly by the reigning monarch, Edward VI., it was undertaken, and the expense defrayed, by a body of individuals united under the title of the "Mysterie and Companie of the Marchants Adventurers for the Discoverie of Regions, Dominions, Islands, and places unknownen." These are described as "certaine grave citizens of London, and men of great wisdom, and careful of the good of their country," who seeing "that the wealth of the Spaniards and Portugals, by the discoverie of new trades and countries, was marvellously increased, supposing the same to be a course and meane for them to obtaine the like, resolved upon a newe and strange navigation." For this purpose they subscribed L. 5000, which was employed in building three vessels, in the construction of which all the skill in shipbuilding which the nation possessed was put in requisition. Not only were they put together, calked, and pitched with the utmost care, but an invention, then new, was

employed, of covering the keel with thin sheets of lead, as a defence against insects; and they were supplied with provisions for a year and a half. Many gallant captains sued for the command of this squadron; but the preference was given to Sir Hugh Willoughby, a "valiant gentleman," whose high birth, distinguished naval prowess, and even his noble and commanding figure, seemed to throw a new lustre on the expedition. The second in command was Richard Chancellor, "a man of great estimation, for many good partes of witte in him." The instructions for the voyage were drawn up by Sebastian Cabot, governor of the merchant company, who had himself made several important discoveries, and was considered as the most experienced mariner in England. These instructions are not unworthy of perusal. They contain many salutary exhortations to cleanliness, harmony, good order, and diligence. It is hinted that, in giving "advertisements of their proceedings," they may do it, "passing such dangers of the sea, perils of ice, intolerable coldes, and other impediments which, by sundry authors and writers, have ministered matter of suspicion in some heads, that this voyage could not succede." We cannot help thinking, however, that he himself has conjured up a much more serious and unfounded fear, when he tells them that "there are people that can swimme in the sea, havens, and rivers, naked, coveting to draw nigh your ships, desirous of the bodies of men, which they covet for meate; therefore diligent watch is to be kept both day and night." He concludes with telling them, "how many persons, as well the king's majestie, the lords, of his honorable counsell, this whole companie, as also your wives, children, kinsfolkes, allies, friends, and familiars, be replenished in their

hearts with ardent desire to learne and know your estates, conditions, and welfares, and in what likelihood you be in, to obtaine this noble enterprize, which is hoped no less to succcede to you, than the orient and occident Indians have to the high benefit of the emperour and kings of Portugal."

The squadron sailed down the Thames on the 10th of May, 1553. As they passed Greenwich, where the court then resided, an immense concourse assembled to behold and hail them. The courtiers and chief nobility stood at the windows, while the common people covered the shore and the roofs of the houses. Guns were fired, handkerchiefs waved, "the valleys and the waters gave an echo, and the mariners they shouted in such sort, that the sky rang againe with the noyse thereof. To bee short, it was a very triumphe (after a sort) in all respects to the beholders." At this moment of exultation, the thought of the mighty and unknown seas which they were to traverse, instead of damping hope, served only to give a new grandeur to the enterprise. Not one, perhaps, of the thousands who hailed them as they floated down in pomp, amid discharges of artillery, and with all their ensigns displayed, suspected that they were victims adorned for the sacrifice, and that this brilliant expedition was destined soon to have so fatal an issue.

The squadron was detained a considerable time by contrary winds in sailing along the English coast, and having in vain attempted to reach Scotland, they then directed their course towards the coast of Norway. Here they fell in with that multitude of little islands which extend along the north-eastern extremity of Scandinavia. They touched at those of Lofoot, (Loffoden,) which they found "plentifully inhabited, and very gentle people."

Here they obtained some directions for sailing along the coast, and fixed upon Wardhuys, a harbour of Finmark, for their rendezvous, in case of dispersion. Soon after putting to sea, there came on "flawes of windes and terrible whirlwindes," in which they suffered dreadfully. The pinnacle of the admiral's ship was dashed to pieces, and he lost sight entirely of the other two vessels. Next morning he discovered one of them, the Confidence, to leeward of him; but the other, the Edward, was finally lost sight of. The admiral continued however, to push forward, in order to reach Wardhuys; but he sailed on without discovering any appearance of land, which, indeed, the soundings (of 180 fathoms) indicated to be at a great distance; so that it appeared "that the land lay not as the globe made mention." Thus bewildered on this vast and stormy sea.—he continued, however, to press towards his destination. In a few days he descried land, but covered with ice and desolation. Geographers have doubted what land this could be; some supposing it to be Spitzbergen, while others, more plausibly, believe it to be part of Nova Zembla. In either case it could present only one aspect; rocks rising over rocks, with the clouds wrapt around their icy pinnacles; while no sound could be wafted over the waves but the crash of its falling ice, and the hungry roar of its monsters. Willoughby, however, continued for several days longer to push to the northward. But, finding that his vessels became crazy and took in water, while instead of reaching the golden plains of India and Cathay, he was plunging deeper and deeper into the regions of perpetual winter, he deemed it needful to turn and seek a harbour where they might be refitted. After several days sail, they came in sight of a

coast, but so shallow that they could not approach it. They beat about for some time on these unknown and desolate shores, without obtaining sight of a human being, and at length came to a harbour, where it appeared that the ships could lie in safety. It was now only September; but it was here the depth of winter,—intense frost, and tempests of snow driving through the air, while the sun, even at mid-day, appearing only a little above a horizon, announced the speedy closing in of the polar night. They were now in the situation described by the poet.

“ Miserable they,

Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their last look of the descending sun,
While full of fate, and fierce with tenfold frost,
The long, long night, descending o’er their heads,
Falls horrible. Such was the Briton’s fate,
As with first prow (what have not Briton’s dared?)
He for the passage sought, attempted since
So oft in vain, and seeming to be shut
By jealous Nature with eternal bars.”

This haven they never left; but the journal here stops, and a veil hangs over the varied forms of famine and death which beset them in their last extremity. There was only found in the ship a will by Sir Hugh Willoughby, dated in January, which intimates that he was then alive, though sensible, probably, of his approaching fate. England waited in vain for news of her expedition; but, in the summer of the following year, some Russ fishermen, travelling this way, found the ships with their lifeless tenants. They carried the tidings to St. Nicholas, (Archangel,) where there happened to be an English merchant, who conveyed home the sad intelligence. The place proved to be the river of Arzina, near Keger, in Russian Lapland. In 1554, the Company sent out two vessels, to bring home the ships thus frozen up. Before executing their commission, they touched at Archangel, and took on board a Russian ambassador, with his suite. Fate seemed

never to relent against this unfortunate expedition; it suffered complete shipwreck on the northern coast of Scotland; the two vessels, which were probably now unsound, went entirely to the bottom, and a great number of persons were drowned. The ambassador however, escaped, and was received at the court of Scotland.

We have still to trace the progress of Chancellor, commander of the *Edward*, who, as already observed, was separated in a storm from Sir Hugh Willoughby. His career was more fortunate. He appears never to have lost sight of the coast, and, sailing close along it, was not long of reaching Wardhuys. Here he waited a week for his companions, after which he judged proper to proceed alone, without regard to the murmurs of his crew, determining “either to bring that to passe which was intended, or else to die the death.” Accordingly, he “helde on his course towards that unknowen part of the world, and sailed so farre, that hee came at last to the place where he found no night at all, but a continual light and brightness of the sunne shining clearely upon the huge and mighty sea.” Assisted by this perpetual light of the northern midsummer, he came “into a certain great bay,” (the White Sea.) After looking diligently about, they discovered a boat with some fishermen, who “amazed at the strange greatness of his ship, began presently to avoyde and flee;” but the courteous deportment of Chancellor soon converted them into friends. The English now heard, for the first time, the name of Russia, which distance and barbarism had hitherto concealed from them, and learned that it was governed by a great Emperour, Juan Vassilovitch. Being interrogated in their turn, they gave an account of England, and asserted, that the sole object of the king in

sending them, was to form relations of amity and commerce with the Russian monarch. "The barbarians heard these things very gladly," and it was soon arranged that Chancellor should take a journey to court; where he was well received, and carried home an account of Russia, which excited the highest interest in England. A company of Russian merchants was immediately formed, and a regular trade established with Archangel.

The English merchants were still not discouraged from attempting the north-east passage; on the contrary, the establishment of a fixed point at Archangel appeared to promise new facilities for effecting it. A vessel was, therefore, sent in 1556, under Stephen Burrough, who had acted as master under Chancellor. Burrough penetrated as far as Nova Zembla, and the Straits of Waygatz, which separate that great insular territory from the continent; but contrary winds, and the formidable appearance of the ice, deterred him from proceeding. He wintered at Colmogri.

No further attempts were made for some time, which seems to have been partly owing to the unfortunate issue of these expeditions, and partly to the hope which opened of achieving a passage by the north-west of America. In 1580, however, the zeal for discovery was again excited, and a new expedition was fitted out, under two commanders of the name of Pet and Jackman. An extraordinary zeal was again excited, and a series of instructions were drawn up by Richard Hackluyt, Gerard Mercator, and other eminent geographers and navigators. Pet and Jackman succeeded in passing Nova Zembla, but found the sea then entirely covered with icebergs, through which they worked their way with the utmost difficulty. Their great object, every day, was to warp from one

piece of ice to another, and then strike their anchors into the ice to secure themselves for the night. Sometimes they made their way through, when they thought it "a thing impossible; but extremity doth cause men to do much." At length finding, though it was the middle of July, "yet winds they had at will, but ice and fogs too much against their wills," also "great store of snow;" in short, that there was no possibility of advancing farther, they determined to return back, and effected their return home, not without some difficulty; and it was the month of December before they arrived in sight of Buchanness.

After this failure, the English nation made all their subsequent attempts by the north-west. Before noticing these last, however, it may be proper to mention several spirited attempts made by the Dutch to reach the East Indies by the north of Asia. These were begun in 1594 by a company of merchants, under the patronage of the Stadtholder and States General. The expedition consisted of three vessels fitted out from Amsterdam, Zealand, and Enchuysen, and was placed under the command of William Barentz. They left the Texel on the 5th of June, and nothing remarkable occurred, till they found themselves upon the coast of Nova Zembla. Here they were soon surprised by a sight of the walrus, or sea-horse. These are described as "marine monsters of terrible strength, larger than oxen, and having their skin rougher than that of sea dogs."

About this time, also, the first encounter occurred with the White or Polar Bear. Having seen one at a little distance, the crew discharged their muskets, and several balls took effect; but, as the wounds were slight, they rowed up to him, and threw a noose around his neck, in-

tending, apparently, to lead him to Holland like a lap-dog, and exhibit him to their countrymen. Bruin, however, who did not approve of this destination, soon showed them how completely they had mistaken his character. At one push he extricated himself from their grasp; then, applying his forefeet to the stern, placed instantly one half of his body in the boat. In this operation he made such displays of unparalleled strength, and uttered such frightful cries, as made the sailors spring to the opposite end of the vessel; and "not a man expected to be quit for less than his life. Providentially, however, as the bear was opening his jaws to devour the nearest, his feet were entangled in the rope; the boldest of the crew then sprung forward, and pierced him with a lance, which caused him to fall back into the water. The sailors then, dropping their plan of converting this powerful animal into a toy, despatched him with all speed, and thought themselves too happy in being able to carry his skin to Amsterdam.

Barentz now proceeded, and even reached lat. $77^{\circ}30'$, which is higher than the northern extremity of Nova Zembla; but the sea here presented a solid sheet of ice, extending as far as the eye could reach.

He returned, therefore, to the coast, and endeavoured to double its northern point. Here they fell in with the Orange Islands, on which they descried two hundred walruses lying on the sand, and basking themselves in the sun. Imagining these creatures to be formidable only in the watery element, they determined on attack; but they had ill calculated the prowess with which they had to contend. Not only were they completely beat off, but all the sabres, pikes, and hatchets, used in the assault, were broken to pieces. The only trophy carried away was a single tooth, which had been broken off in the fury of the combat. The sailors were so cruelly mortified by this discomfiture, that they determined to bring up cannon, and open a battery against their amphibious antagonists; but the rolling of the sea rendered it impossible to execute this manœuvre.

Barentz had now endured several heavy storms, in one of which the boat had gone to pieces. The ice was increasing; the vessel had suffered considerably, and even the crew shewed an indisposition to proceed farther. In these circumstances, there appeared to him no alternative, but to commence his return homeward.

REMARKABLE EPITAPHS.

From the European Magazine, for July, 1818.

On a grave stone in Staverton Church-yard:

Here lieth the body of Betty Bowden,
Who would live longer but she coulden, †
Sorrow and grief made her decay,
Till her bad leg card † she away.

In Kingsbridge church-yard, on a man who was too poor to be buried with his rich relations in the church.

Here lie I at the chancel door;
Here I lie because I'm poor:

† Could not.

† Carried.

The further in the more to pay;
Here I lie as warm as they.

In Stoke-Fleming Church, Devon,
by Doctor Wolcot, alias Peter Pindar:—

In Memory of Margaret Southcotte,
who died the 27th of August, 1786,
aged 12 years and 9 months.

Beneath this stone, in sweet repose,
The friend of all, a fair one lies;
Yet hence let Sorrow vent her woes,
Far hence let Pity pour her sighs.

Tho' every hour thy life approv'd,
The muse the strain of grief forbears ;
Nor wishes, tho' by all belov'd,
To call the to a world of cares.

Best of thy sex, alas ! farewell,
From this dark scene removed to shine
Where purest shades of mortals dwell,
And virtue waits to welcome thine.

An ill-natured critick wrote the
following under these beautiful
lines :

Can a Southcotte be said to deserve all
the praise

Which above in the rhymes may be
seen ?

But 'tis not impossible, since the stone
says,

She had not reached the age of thir-
teen !

The following was put on the
grave-stone of a tragedian at his
desire :

Exit Burbridge.

Hear lies body
of Steevin Richman,

Master of Arts ; Hee

died the 11th of April, 85.

Reader, thou must unto the dust,

Com heare an lye as well as j.

Till earth be burnt,
and the skies,

Shall bee no more
our cannopies.

POETRY.

From the Edinburgh Magazine, for July, 1818.

STANZAS.

FORGET thee ! ah beloved one,
It hath not been—it may not be—
The sands of time have yet to run,
That find my soule estranged from thee !
The past is but a pictured leaf,
Whereon, in glory, is displayed
An antidote for every grief,
Within thy smile, enchanting maid !
The present---could the passing day
Allure me with the hopes of rest,
If, severed from its niche away,
Thine image left my lonely breast ?—
The future truly would be night,
A dark and fathomless abyss ;
Without a blossom, in the blight
Of all that ever offered bliss !
Forget thee !---ah beloved one,
It hath not been---it may not be—
The sands of time have yet to run,
That find my soul estranged from thee !

From the same.

HEBREW MELODY.

SHALL the Edomite triumph ? Shall
Judah for ever
Bow down 'neath the hand of the foe ?
Shall the sword of the Lord ne'er awake
to deliver ?
Shall Salem for ever lie low ?
Unbless'd shall the Sun brightly beam on
our mountains ?
The Moon upon Jordan's blue wave ?
The Tabor and Harp be unheard by our
fountains ?
And the land of our love seem a grave !

No—The Lord shall deliver ; and, Ju-
dah, thy daughters,
Who weep now, shall triumph and sing ;
And thy desolate vallies, profaned with
our slaughters,
Shall bloom in the beauty of spring.
And Edom shall perish ! The Angel is
waving
Above her Destruction's red sword—
Her children shall fall in the pride of
their braving—
Their Destroyer is none but the Lord !

From the same.

THE MORN OF SPRING.

The streamy vale, the bursting flower,
The soaring sky-lark's quivering wing,
The dewy fields at dawning hour,
The tender eyes of maiden Spring,
These charm me now,---while breathe
around
The new-wak'd breezes light and gay,
That on the cool refreshing ground
Have slept their feverish heat away---

Ere shepherds drive their fleecy care
O'er verdant lawn or echoing hill,---
Or bright Day glad the fields of air,
And wave his golden tunic---

This is the poet's visioned pause—
And now to his enchanted eyes
Some heavenly hand the veil withdraws
That hids the bowers of Paradise !

Yes ! nobler natures aid his flight,
And wonder as it nears their aim .
The Virtues love the Song, and light
Their tapers at the Muse's flame.